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VOL. XIX.

## LAW TRIUMPHS.

The Haymarket Quartette  
Meet Their Deserts.

THE ANARCHISTS' LAST HOURS.

Scenes In and Around Chi-  
cago's Jail.

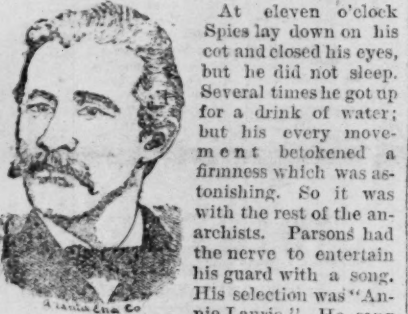
TREAD OF THE ARMED PATROL.

The Murderers Defiant to the  
Last Moment.

SPRINGING THE DEATH TRAP.

A Review of the Haymarket Riot  
and Trial of the Anarchists.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, 2d. Mo.—At 11 o'clock a change was made in the death watch. Deputy Hartke had been guarding Spies since 8 o'clock. He reported that he had quite a long talk with the anarchist. Spies declared that he had no reason to be afraid and then launched forth in a tirade against the courts. He asserted that all the judges who had any connection with the case had reason to tremble while the anarchists could hold up their heads and walk to death with steadfast steps. The deputy also related the manner in which the Rev. Dr. Bolton was received by Spies. The divine asked him if he would not accept spiritual consolation. Spies, with a haughty shake of the head, declared that he had no use for any clergyman. "I'll pray for you all night," cried the doctor. "Pray for yourself," returned Spies. "You need it more than I."



At eleven o'clock Spies lay down on his cot and closed his eyes, but he did not sleep. Several times he got up for a drink of water; but his every movement betokened a nervous condition. Spies, with a haughty shake of the head, declared that he had no use for any clergyman.

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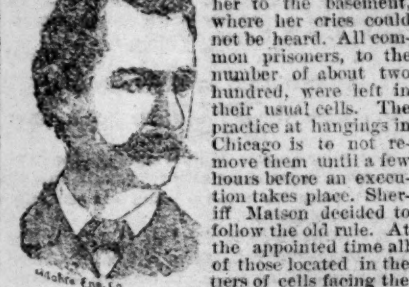
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

lower corridor to see that all was well. The only other disturbing element was the moving of the jail cat, who kept her noise so persistently that at last a deputy bore down, captured and removed her to the basement, where her cries could not be heard. All common prisoners, to the number of about two hundred, were left in their usual cells. The paces at hangings in Chicago are not to be moved until a few hours before an execution takes place. Sheriff Matson decided to follow the old rule. At the appointed time all the cells facing the north, and which command a partial view of the scaffold, were opened.



ALFRED R. PARSONS. His manner was extremely defiant, but though he reiterated his request for a basin in which to wash his face, he did not get the desired result. He by far exhibited the most bravado of any of the anarchists. "I see no washbasin here. I am accustomed to washing in a basin, and I want one now." He was extremely defiant, but though he reiterated his request for a basin in which to wash his face, he did not get the desired result. He by far exhibited the most bravado of any of the anarchists.

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DISPATCHING THE GATHERING INCIDENTS of the night, along the otherwise silent corridors sounded the slow, regular tramp of the deputies, conversing in low voices, and from the front of the cell doors, behind which were the four fortified lives. At brief intervals when the hum of conversation sank low, could be heard the measured click of a clock on the office wall marking time for the ones for whom time would soon be no more.

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"WHO COMES THERE?" The padlock opens, a chain is rattled and the doors slide apart a few inches and a survey is made by the guards of the individual applying for admission. If his credentials are satisfactory the doors are opened sufficiently for him to pass in. Inside, other guards, bearing rifles, move about the cell block, and from the hands of the officer projects over the steps.

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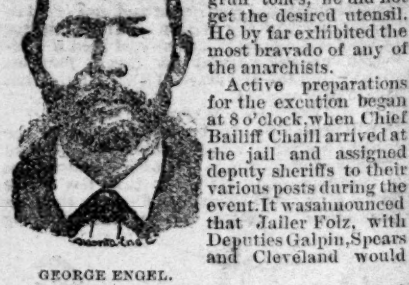
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deputies he stepped over to the plain iron sink and took a good wash. His every movement was closely watched by the best performed his ablutions, and seemed to enjoy them. Old man Engel followed the young anarchist, and the last to wash was Parsons.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HANGING.

Arrival of the Chief Bailiff—The Anarchists' Last Breakfast. COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, November 11.—At 7:20 two waiters from Martell's restaurant brought to the prisoners their breakfast. The edibles were varied, a large new clothes basket, and the linen and tableware looked bright and clean. A little incident occurred when Parsons stepped out to wash himself, which was described by Lieutenant Langhin. All the other anarchists contented themselves with washing at the tub, but when Parsons walked up to the sink, he exclaimed:

"I see no washbasin here. I am accustomed to washing in a basin, and I want one now." He was extremely defiant, but though he reiterated his request for a basin in which to wash his face, he did not get the desired result. He by far exhibited the most bravado of any of the anarchists.



GEORGE ENGEL. accompany the prisoners to the scaffold and superintend the actual hanging. Deputy Lieberman, with Deputy Fulk, Hanks, Carney, Mahler, and Johnson, were assigned to guard the main entrance to the criminal court building. The such as completely, and with less warning, he did it within a half hour after the famous mob massacre.

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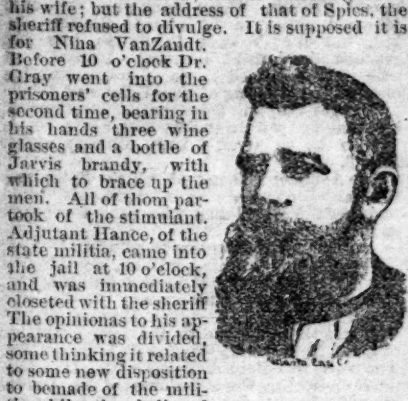
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distant from the cells that Captain Black was at that moment. After a few minutes with Governor Oglesby at Springfield. The message was handed in to Sheriff Matson, who glanced at it and then crumpled the paper slowly in his hand. What- ever the sheriff thought of the execution of the anarchists, he did not let it show. Five minutes later the sheriff emerged, and in reply to a chorus of inquiries, said that "he had just issued the time as yet."

The manuscript which Spies, Parsons and Fischer spent a portion of the morning in preparing were in part written statements, the nature of which would not be divulged by any of the officials. These were delivered into the hands of Clerk Price, who turned them over to the sheriff and that official locked them up in his personal safe. It was stated by the sheriff that Spies, Parsons and Fischer had in addition written letters which he had also locked up securely. Parsons' letter was addressed to his wife and children; that of Fischer went to his wife; but the address of that of Spies, the sheriff refused to divulge. It is supposed it is for Nina VanZandt.



Before 10 o'clock Dr. Gray went into the prisoners' cells for the second time, bearing in his hands three wine glasses and a bottle of brandy, with which to brace up the men. All of them partook of the stimulant. Assistant Hance, of the state militia, came into the jail at 10 o'clock, and was immediately ordered to the scaffold. The opinions to his appearance was divided, some thinking it related to some new disposition to be made of the militia, while others believed SAMUEL FIELDS. He carried a supplemental message from Governor Oglesby. About this time Police Inspector Bonfield, who commanded the police at the Haymarket, entered the jail, looking as grim as he did within a half hour after the famous mob massacre.

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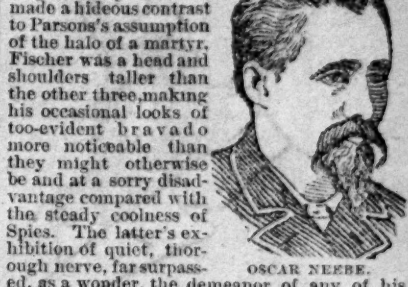
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every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct, was by far, the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture. The spot from the crowd that failed on the last wagon, but rapid driving freed the procession from this annoyance. Followed by a string of cabs, and preceded by a carriage containing a committee, the hearse and wagons moved steadily along. There was no excitement, and only a few persons gathered. The corpses were taken to an undertaker's shop, where they will be dressed and allowed to rest until they are taken to the homes of relatives this evening.



IN THEIR COFFINS. Crowds in the Street About the Homes of the Anarchist Families. CHICAGO, November 11.—The center of attraction for crowds of curious people has been transferred tonight from the jail to Milwaukee avenue, where, in the homes of their relatives, the bodies of the dead anarchists are lying in their coffins. There were little crowds here and there along the street, throughout the evening, but, although the execution was everywhere discussed, there was little excitement. A sign of open interest was shown at Aurora Turner hall, on Haron street, near Milwaukee avenue. Here a flag was at half-mast and in a saloon, a little group of men gathered and expressed their disapproval of the hanging. There were some scenes of grief here and there, but a stranger was not cordially greeted, while MICHAEL SCHWAB. Fischer and Engel, and the other three, are unpopularly of the English press. The saloon at the corner of Fullerton and Lincoln avenues, which is a rendezvous for the socialists of the Northside, was closed for the evening, the police, who mounted guard there all day to prevent its being opened and to stop the socialists from congregating in any place. Late last night a crowd of about 30 people assembled in front of the store formerly kept by Engel, on Milwaukee avenue, and was harassed by a beefsteak man under the name of the man who wrote the infamous "revenge" circular, hissed out between his tightly clenched teeth.

There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices of those who are struggling us to death. "Hurrah for anarchy!" adding: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

There was a silence like the grave, broken abruptly by the slow measured intonation of Parsons, like a white robed priest before the altar of sacrifice, not as a dying request, but rather like a command of warning he sounded forth:

"May I be allowed to speak?" Then with a slow entreaty, came: "Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson?"

There was another agonizing pause. Muffled through the door, the sound of the crowd broke out in unnatural hollow accents:

"Let the voice of the people be heard." A crash of a falling noise thundered through the corridors. The slender ropes were taut. In full view of two hundred men in front were four white writhing shrouds. The ropes could be seen as they tightened about the necks, and between the cap and shroud could be noticed blackening and purpling. Nine minutes passed. Then it was known to a certainty that not a neck had been broken. The four Haymarket murderers had been literally throttled and strangled by the law which they had defied.

SCENES IN THE STREETS. Directly After News of the Execution was Made Known. CHICAGO, November 11.—When the news that the end had come finally reached the public there was a brief excitement. Extra copies of the afternoon papers were eagerly bought, but that was all and business went on as usual. A visit to numerous prominent factories where large forces of men were employed showed everything to be quiet and peaceful with regular employees. In full numbers in their places.

Around the jail it was a military scene, and the crowd was impressed with it. Over 300 police, all armed with repeating rifles, kept guard of all the streets for a distance of a whole block from the jail. When the intelligence came outside that the men were on the scaffold, the officers who were outside the corner of the jail on Illinois street and waited. On the roof of the criminal court building, where the execution took place, a crowd of about 100 men gathered.

At 12 o'clock near, a policeman who was straining his eyes to see the interior of the hall, raised his hand and, without turning his head, said in a shrilling undertone: "They are putting on the caps."

For an instant the cluster of officers below waited with bated breath to hear the noise of the drop. "Sh!" murmured the man on the roof. A loud thump came from the interior of the jail. It was the sound made by the falling trap. Every one in the group heard it distinctly, and every body knew what it meant. The policemen on the roof threw down their guns and

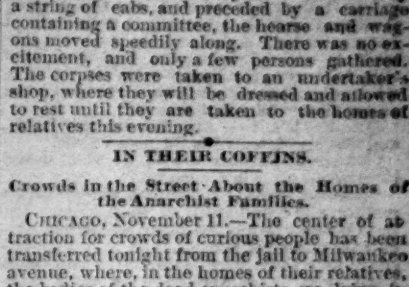
and then ceased suddenly, as though ashamed of the act. A reporter jerked a white handkerchief from his pocket and waved a signal to the crowd passing along North Clark street. It was understood and a cry went up and in an incredibly short time the intelligence was blocks away and the buzz and hum of excited conversation sounded like the rising of the tide.

In eight minutes, newsways were darting through the crowds, waving out "Extra! Extra!" "All about the anarchists being hung." It was wonderful to note how quickly the execution, which had filled the jail all day, faded from the minds of the people. The 200 prisoners confined in the place who had been in fever heat during the tragic event of the day, regained their usual spirits. They were no longer in a state of excitement, and as they had had nothing to eat since breakfast, they soon began to yell for "soup."

The spectators, who had witnessed the hanging walked rapidly out of the inclosure, and the weary deputies went to dinner, the only ones left in the jail office being press representatives. When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Matson exclaimed: "His will be done."

Their bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All three looked natural. The coffin lids were quickly screwed down and paper labels were pasted on each for identification. The bodies were taken away from the jail

about 1:45 this afternoon. For Spies a hearse had been provided. There was some trouble in getting away from the crowd that failed on the last wagon, but rapid driving freed the procession from this annoyance. Followed by a string of cabs, and preceded by a carriage containing a committee, the hearse and wagons moved steadily along. There was no excitement, and only a few persons gathered. The corpses were taken to an undertaker's shop, where they will be dressed and allowed to rest until they are taken to the homes of relatives this evening.



IN THEIR COFFINS. Crowds in the Street About the Homes of the Anarchist Families. CHICAGO, November 11.—The center of attraction for crowds of curious people has been transferred tonight from the jail to Milwaukee avenue, where, in the homes of their relatives, the bodies of the dead anarchists are lying in their coffins. There were little crowds here and there along the street, throughout the evening, but, although the execution was everywhere discussed, there was little excitement. A sign of open interest was shown at Aurora Turner hall, on Haron street, near Milwaukee avenue. Here a flag was at half-mast and in a saloon, a little group of men gathered and expressed their disapproval of the hanging. There were some scenes of grief here and there, but a stranger was not cordially greeted, while MICHAEL SCHWAB. Fischer and Engel, and the other three, are unpopularly of the English press. The saloon at the corner of Fullerton and Lincoln avenues, which is a rendezvous for the socialists of the Northside, was closed for the evening, the police, who mounted guard there all day to prevent its being opened and to stop the socialists from congregating in any place. Late last night a crowd of about 30 people assembled in front of the store formerly kept by Engel, on Milwaukee avenue, and was harassed by a beefsteak man under the name of the man who wrote the infamous "revenge" circular, hissed out between his tightly clenched teeth.

There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices of those who are struggling us to death. "Hurrah for anarchy!" adding: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

There was a silence like the grave, broken abruptly by the slow measured intonation of Parsons, like a white robed priest before the altar of sacrifice, not as a dying request, but rather like a command of warning he sounded forth:

"May I be allowed to speak?" Then with a slow entreaty, came: "Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson?"

There was another agonizing pause. Muffled through the door, the sound of the crowd broke out in unnatural hollow accents:

"Let the voice of the people be heard." A crash of a falling noise thundered through the corridors. The slender ropes were taut. In full view of two hundred men in front were four white writhing shrouds. The ropes could be seen as they tightened about the necks, and between the cap and shroud could be noticed blackening and purpling. Nine minutes passed. Then it was known to a certainty that not a neck had been broken. The four Haymarket murderers had been literally throttled and strangled by the law which they had defied.

SCENES IN THE STREETS. Directly After News of the Execution was Made Known. CHICAGO, November 11.—When the news that the end had come finally reached the public there was a brief excitement. Extra copies of the afternoon papers were eagerly bought, but that was all and business went on as usual. A visit to numerous prominent factories where large forces of men were employed showed everything to be quiet and peaceful with regular employees. In full numbers in their places.

Around the jail it was a military scene, and the crowd was impressed with it. Over 300 police, all armed with repeating rifles, kept guard of all the streets for a distance of a whole block from the jail. When the intelligence came outside that the men were on the scaffold, the officers who were outside the corner of the jail on Illinois street and waited. On the roof of the criminal court building, where the execution took place, a crowd of about 100 men gathered.

At 12 o'clock near, a policeman who was straining his eyes to see the interior of the hall, raised his hand and, without turning his head, said in a shrilling undertone: "They are putting on the caps."

For an instant the cluster of officers below waited with bated breath to hear the noise of the drop. "Sh!" murmured the man on the roof. A loud thump came from the interior of the jail. It was the sound made by the falling trap. Every one in the group heard it distinctly, and every body knew what it meant. The policemen on the roof threw down their guns and

and then ceased suddenly, as though ashamed of the act. A reporter jerked a white handkerchief from his pocket and waved a signal to the crowd passing along North Clark street. It was understood and a cry went up and in an incredibly short time the intelligence was blocks away and the buzz and hum of excited conversation sounded like the rising of the tide.

In eight minutes, newsways were darting through the crowds, waving out "Extra! Extra!" "All about the anarchists being hung." It was wonderful to note how quickly the execution, which had filled the jail all day, faded from the minds of the people. The 200 prisoners confined in the place who had been in fever heat during the tragic event of the day, regained their usual spirits. They were no longer in a state of excitement, and as they had had nothing to eat since breakfast, they soon began to yell for "soup."

The spectators, who had witnessed the hanging walked rapidly out of the inclosure, and the weary deputies went to dinner, the only ones left in the jail office being press representatives. When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Matson exclaimed: "His will be done."

Their bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All three looked natural. The coffin lids were quickly screwed down and paper labels were pasted on each for identification. The bodies were taken away from the jail

about 1:45 this afternoon. For Spies a hearse had been provided. There was some trouble in getting away from the crowd that failed on the last wagon, but rapid driving freed the procession from this annoyance. Followed by a string of cabs, and preceded by a carriage containing a committee, the hearse and wagons moved steadily along. There was no excitement, and only a few persons gathered. The corpses were taken to an undertaker's shop, where they will be dressed and allowed to rest until they are taken to the homes of relatives this evening.







3

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W. H. D. Adams, secretary board of trustees, Greenville, Ga. John W. Park, Chairman of Trustees. This November 8th, 1897.

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